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THE STUDENT

Sri I. E. V. Sarma. — Managing Editor

AS LONG AS LIVE, SO LONG DO I LEARN : : : SRI RAMAKRISHNA

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A PRAYER

My Soul Thou art: my mind I liken to Parvathi: my pranas are Thy followers: My body is Thy Temple: my enjoyment of things shall be Thy puja; my sleep shall be equivalent to meditation on Thee; my wanderings shall form pradakshina; My words are prayer unto Thee: O Lord, whatsoever I do, consider that all as worship unto Thee.

Siva - Manasa Puja.

FROM THE WATCH TOWER.

By Sri K. Vaidyanatha Aiyar, M. A., L. T. Tirupathi.

Dear Students,

Remember what Carlyle says about life. He says "Life is no grimace, but, it is a most serious fact." Life, in short, is Character.

Character means a power that resists evil under all circumstances. Temptations fade into nothing before character like the dew drops before the piercing rays of the sun.

Build character and improve your destiny. Man is often said to be the Architect of his own fate. You know the familiar proverb, "The child is the father of the man." If you want to be ideal men, you must be ideal students.

An ideal student is one who possesses an infinite capacity to rule himself. The prime quality which an ideal student ought to cultivate is the spirit of Obedience, obedience to the Mother, the Father and the Teacher.

Obedience precedes command. It is by obedience to orders, one comes in contact with the realities of the world. He learns the nature of the Realities and begins to adapt himself to different situations, however hard and trying, with infinite fund of Patience. In the end he comes out with brilliant colours carrying the banner of Truth unfurled on the staff of Success.

The spirit of Obedience is the key stone of the arch of Character. Obedience, truly practised, strengthens one's faith in oneself; enlivens one's understanding; speeds one's pace on the road to success and above all erects and supports the grand superstructure of one's Character.

GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE

By Srī V. Srinivasan, B. A., L. T.

Boys and Girls of India,

To every one of you, 19th of February is a sacred day. For on that day was gathered unto his fathers Gopal Krishna Gokhale, the Prince among Indian Patriots.

37 years have rolled on since the great patriot passed away (1915). And India has seen many changes. The greatest of these changes is the part that you are playing through the various youth organisations. You can have no ideal of service greater than that laid down by Gokhale both by precept and example.

Born in 1866 of poor parents, after schooling in Kolhapur (in Bombay province) and a college education in Bombay he graduated in his eighteenth year. Shortly after, he joined the Deccan Education Society—whose members were bound to serve the Society and its College (Fergusson College, Poona) for 20 years on a salary of Rs. 75 p. m. He taught thousands of students various subjects at various times, (though his chief delight was in teaching *Economics* or the Science of Wealth) till he left the College in 1902. At this period of life he came in contact with the great patriot who became his master — Mahadev Govind Ranade. Under him for 12 years he learned two things: firstly, one should be the master of a subject before he talked about it to others and secondly, in pleading a cause, facts and figures are of greater value than mere sentimental talk. He passed on this message to his students, instilled in them a love for their country and taught them how to serve Her.

This period of his life was a strenuous one. In additon, to his work first as a professor and then as the Principal of the College, he took a leading part in the Congress movement and the various political Associations in Bombay becoming an Editor

of a powerful magazine in his 21st year. In his 31st year (1897) he gave evidence in London before a great commission on India. 2 years later, he was elected a member of the Bombay Legislative Council. Two years later still, he was elected to the Imperial Legislative Council—(the predecessor of the present Indian Parliament). He sat, in his 35th year, on a Government commission formed to investigate the causes and modes of prevention of plague which was virulent in the country then.

After he left Fergusson College, his whole energy was devoted to the service of the motherland. He championed the cause of the people in the Legislative Council and outside. He pleaded—though in vain—for free and compulsory education to the masses. Though the Government did not often agree with him, they sought his advice and even Lord Curzon praised him. What is known as Minto-Morley reforms was due not a little to him. The nation honoured him with the richest gift in its hand—the Presidentship of the Indian National Congress in his 39th year.

He went to England a number of times to plead India's cause there, and once he went to South Africa when our countrymen there were in great trouble. He was one of the members of the last Royal Commission on Indian affairs appointed in 1912, but his hard work on it lead to the breakdown of his health and he died in Poona on February 19, 1915 (in his 49th year).

Gokhale's greatest service to the nation was rendered in 1905, when he founded the *Servants of India Society*. Its aim is to train public workers to render service—social and political—to the motherland. Every one of its memhers passes through a period of hard training and study and thereafter takes to active public service in the spirit of a missionary, on a mere pittance of salary. Gokhale was its President till death.

The Society has justified its existence all these years. It gave to the world in the person of its 2nd President, Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P. C.,—the great ambassador of Unity. Wherever there is famine and flood, its members are there rendering quiet, efficient and disciplined service. Its work—in the cause of depressed classes, education of women, organisation of labour and Village improvement, is well-known to every one. Have you not heard of Devadhar—Sastri's successor—and his work in Malabar after the great Mopla rebellion?

You must read the life of the great man and follow his footsteps. He loved you specially, being himself a teacher for nearly 20 years. You must learn to be as selfless and self sacrificing as he—he declined a knighthood and a safe place in the India Office, London—, and simple and pure like him—he wore the simplest dress and lead a pure life. Above all, you must study problems like him, 'scorn delights and live laborious days' and make yourself *fit* to serve the country when the day arrives. And when the day arrives and when you join the army of Bharat's workers, you must work like him in a religious spirit in a 'spirit of faith and hope'. And when you have to fight your country's battles, you must fight like him with clean weapons and with love in your heart.

The poor, the illiterate, the ignorant, the afflicted—let these by your God. Know that service to these alone is the highest religion.

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

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GANGA RAM, S. A. H. M. K. C.

By Sri K. R. S. Narayanan, M. A.

I wonder if you have not all heard of the famous town fo Kohinipuram. If you have not heard, here is a very good chance for you to test the knowledge of your geography teacher. And if he is unable to tell you where it is, please, don't worry yourself by looking into any atlas or map, for sure as anything you will not fidd it anywhere there for the simple reason that it does not exist today. But it was once a very flourishing town for many centuries after the Deluge. Perhaps, if in your after-life you become a famous research scholar, you may remember this town and try to enhance your reputation by locating it somewhere on the face of the globe and reconstructing its history. For the present, you may rest assured that there was once a very flourishing town called Kohinipuram

And when this town was in a flourishing condition there was a famous college in it. And the redoubtable Ganga Ram was the Sub-Assistant Headmaster of this College. Perhaps you have never heard of the Sub-Assistant Headmaster of a College. I myself do not remember to have heard of any such dignitary during my school or college days, and even today, I suppose there is no such functionary in the school or college in which you are studying Be it so. I may tell you, though the world does not know it, for after knowing does not wish to give me credit for it, I am a big research scholar in my own way. And while I was pouring over my enormous file of correspondence, official, demi-official and private, of all ages and times on which my researeh work is based, I casually observed a letter at the top of which were printed in bold type the following :

Ganga Ram, S. A. H. M. K. C., KOHINIPURAM COLLEGE,
Sub Asst, Hd. Master. KOHINIPURAM.
Dated.........................

When I came to this paper and looked at the title and designation of the gentleman, my curiosity was roused to the highest pitch. A good name, I thought, and a good name, you too will admit. But you can hardly imagine what amount of research work the S. A. H. M. K. C. after Ganga Ram's name caused me. You have frequently heard of B. A. L. T's ; B. A. B. T's ; M. A., L. T's : M. A., B. T's : etc. Possibly your own headmaster comes under one of these categories. But an S. A. H. M. K. C. degree I have never come across. Not even the latest edition of the Encyclopaedia could help me. And then, one fine morning, when I felt myself to be in something like an inspired mood, the revelation came to me. S. A. H. M. K. C. was only the contracted from of the Sub-Assistant Headmaster of Kohinipuram College. You think you can solve the difficulty which cost me so much time and labour, in no time. Well that only shows how much wiser you are than I !

But to proceed with the story. I have already told you that my curiosity at reading the title and designation of Ganga Ram was roused to the highest pitch. I looked into the connected papers and have now in my possession all the latest materials for re-constructing the history of this forgotten episode. Ganga Ram had not passed any examinations or taken any degrees. To speak the t uth he was a ploughed matric. The Headmaster of the College was a first class M. A., B.T. while the first Assistant was B A L., T. From the records of the College I find that all the other members of she staff are simply styled as Assts So then according to the testimony of the available public records, Ganga Ram was an Asst. in the Kohinipuram College.

But Sri Ganga Ram who had tried many other avocations in life, and who had at last got an appointment in the College owing to recommendations from very high quarters was very proud and ambitious. To distinguish himself from the other Assts. of the College, he called himself a Sub-Asst. Master for the simple reason that Sub-Asst. is longer than mere Asst. Soon he came to know that the 'Sub' was not very complimentary to his dignity. He would like to have called himself Asst. Headmaster, had it not been for the de facto first Asst. who would cartainly have taken up the cudgels if Ganga Ram were to usurp his rank. And Ganga Ram was an arrant coward; so he began to style himself Sub-Asst. Headmaster, and from a private Diary to which I had access, I am able to tell you that everyday he received any letter, he was found laughing uproariously for at least 15 minutes looking at the address and pompously reading the mouth filling letters after his name.

In this way Sri Ganga Ram S. A. H. M. K. C. was in the seventh heavens. But still he had one little difficulty. In the College registers S. A. H. M. K. C, did not appear after his name. His own conviction was, that the M. A., B T., and B.A., L. T., were jealous of the S. A. H. M. K. C. And writing to that effect to the heigher authorities Ganga Ram most humbly prayed that early orders may be issued to the M. A., B T. to add S. A. H. M. K. C. after his name in all the records of the College. The authorities were at first puzzled but promised to enquire into the matter. The Sub Asst. Surgeon of Kohinipuram was appointed to conduct the enquiry and his report conclusively affirmed that Ganga Ram was out of his mind. Soon he was taken to the lunatic asylum where too he insisted upon his being addressed Mr. Ganga Ram S. A. H. M K. C and the kind physician in charge of the asylum immensely pleased the lunatic by calling him Mr Ganga Ram S.A.H.M.K.C, **M.A.D.**

All this is the result of my research work and you will see the story of Ganga Ram is practically complete. And I leave it to the budding research scholars among my numerons young readers (the old may not find the work interesting) to reconstruct the larger history of Kohinipuram town itself. I promise to help the aspiring scholar with all the materials I have in my possession. But if none will come forward, I myself shall do the work in due course, provided you promise to read it.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

By Sri S. Govinda Rao, Delhi.

" The noblest and grandest thing in the world is a young man in all the vigour and buoyancy of man-hood, and with all promise of long life and great usefulness before him. " The Young man with broad shoulders and deep chest, with strong muscles ond intellectual forehead—a veritable son of God—is the grandest object in the entire world." says Sylvanus Stall D. D. author of the book, " What a Young Man Ought to know." Only such a man can do useful service to Humanity.

To succeed in any branch of human activity, one should be strong,—strong in character, strong in wisdom, strong in perseverance, and strong in his ability. The whole world wants a strong man who can do and undo things. He is honoured and respected everywhere. Instances are not wanting to prove this. Jagdish Chandra Bose, one of the worthy sons of Mother -India went throughout the world hearing people singing his praises for his knowledge in science. What about the poet Rabindranath Tagore who has knit East and West by his famous Visvabharathi? What about Sir P. C. Ray ? These are strong men, and Mother India is proud of such noble sons.

A weak man is worse than animals or insects. A professor says, "Many of the lower animals are stronger than man. Even the ox surpasses him in strength, the birds rise above him and surpass him in flight; the eye of the eagle is superior to that of

man, the bee surpasses him in industry, and even the little ant has always been to him an example of tireless perseverance." A thoughtful man will learn valuable lessons even from the so-called lower creations of God, namely, animals, birds and insects

Many of our present day young men are accustomed to say that they cannot succeed in their under-taking, because they are unlucky. Some say that they can do "HIMALAYAN" things if they have got sufficient backing. It is natural for us to blame our fate, or to blame others; but we never blame ourselves and our foolishness. Read the life of many of our great men who have attained financial prosperity and independence in our country as well as in other lands, and you will learn that their position in the beginning was even worse than many of us. Still they have succeeded. Their lives are written in bold letters with golden ink.

Then what is the secret of success? It can be summed up in a few words namely self confidence, industry, perseverance and wisdom.

Feel my children, feel, feel for the poor, the, ignorant, the down-trodden, feel till the heart stops and brain reels and you think you will go mad and then pour the soul out at the feet of the Lord, then will come power, help and indomitable energy.

* * * * * *

He who sees Siva in the poor, in the weak and in the diseased, really worships Siva ; and if he sees Siva only in the image, his worship is preliminary. With him who has served and helped one poor man, seeing Siva in him, without thinking of his caste, creed or race or anything, Siva is more pleased than with that man who sees Him only in temples.

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—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

AN EXCURSION—OUR VISIT TO PRITTAPARTHI

BY K. V. SEETHALAKSHMI, STUDENT, GIRLS' MIDDLE SCHOOL, HINDUPUR.

Prittaparthi is a holy place on the banks of the Chitravati. It is a beautiful place. Second Form and Third Form girls visited Prittaparthi. We started on 31—10—'52 at 3 p. m. from our school. We went by a lorry. We sang many songs while in the lorry. Headmistress and other teachers came with us. We reached Prittaparthi by eight at night.

Baba's Mandir at Prittaparthi is very beautiful. We had bhajana there.

In the morning, we cooked our food. After meals, we had bhajana. We went up the hill. From the top of the hill, everything was beautiful. Down below, we looked at the river.

We started back by four P. M. We came to Lepakshi and looked at the bull. Then we came back to Hindupur by night nine. This is our visit to Prittaparthi.

(Prittaparthi is a little village in Penukonda taluk and very near Bukkapatnam.)

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Nothing will be able to resist truth and love and sincerity. Are you sincere ? Unselfishness even unto death ?—and loving ? Then fear not, not even death. Onward, my lads ! The whole world requires Light. It is expectant! India alone has that Light, not in magic, mummeries and charlatansim, but in the teaching of the glories of the spirit of real religion—of the highest Spiritual truth. That is why the Lord has preserved the race through all its vicissitudes unto the present day. Now the time has come. Have faith that you are all, my brave lads, born to do great things! Let not the barks of puppies frighten you, no, not even the thunderbolts of heaven, but stand up and work !

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

CON… 2 5 AUG 1955 MADRAS

THE GOSPEL OF SUFFERING.

BY SRI V. VEMBU SASTRI B. A., L. T.

1. This gospel, great in truth,
Is nothing new to us;
But Jesus Christ it was,
That final shape it gave.

2. The sages in ages past,
Yet harder suffering sought
They starved and killed their flesh
In hope of something great.

3. For cause of noble worth
Some suffered long indeed;
For truth some suffered all,
And others for duty great

4. Harischandra great of old
In patience suffered long;
For truth he held so fast,
And moved the Heavens great

5. And Rama great of fame,
So known in Hindu homes,
For many a year long,
For duty suffering sought

6. And Dharma of pious mind,
His wealth and kingdom left;
And a forest life did seek
To save his promised word.

7. And then our Budha wise
Still greater suffering saw;
For thought of youth and love,
He bravely dug a grave.

8. And Rama on his father's call
His royal home did leave;
And Dharma and 'Chandra great
Their honour's call obeyed.

9. But no such call was there
In Budha's case of note;
His inward feeling great
His heart did move and melt.

10. Temptations great indeed,
In full he had around;
But none of them could mar
The purpose great he sought.

11. And Budha's triumph is triumph
To which no equal is;
I wish that Budha's heart
Were brought to life again.

12. Though born of the warrior caste
Whose heart is hard as steel,
His heart was soft as down,
And Maya great this is.

13. The Lord of wondrous grace,
Which words of man do fail,
And lofty thoughts but peep,
Hath mystic power in store.

14. And next to Budha great,
In marked contrast great,
Was born in swaddling clothes
A child of future worth.

15. And Bndha born so high
Had native culture great;
And the training he received,
His finest mind did shape.

16. But Christ of birth so poor,
With native culture poor,
Had yet a heart so fine,
And wide as world indeed.

17. And "why is this ?" I ask:
The humble soul I ask;
And yet the answer is,
"The grace of God alone."

18. The grace of God alone
For ever works on lines
Which you and I see not;
This grace but seek in peace.

19. This grace on earth descends
In varied shapes and forms,
Which mystics all see well,
And keep their minds in peace.

20. And Christ of grace divine,
And full of power fine,
Did feel for all mankind
And suffered all his life.

21. And pure his suffering was;
With zeal he took it up;
His heart in suffering lay
Sustained by love alone.

22. With love he suffering sought;
In love for all he worked;
This love to all he preachad;
And in love his end he sought.

23. His heart had love alone;
A matchless love it was;
No hate it felt in truth;
And this was put to test,

24. His heart of love was pierced,
And blood was gushing forth,
But yet he cried in love,
And stood the test indeed.

25. His triumphant end I sing.
And of this the world remind;
His life of love is lost
If this we long forsake.

I will even go to hell, if by doing so I can help my brothers. This unselfishness is the test of religion.

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

S. S. L. C. ENGLISH: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I By Sri J. S. R. Somayazulu, M. A., Ph. D., B. Ed.,
Headmaster, B. H. School, Katur, Krishna District.

(1). Write briefly in a page of ordinary writing, the story of 'The legend beautiful.'

Ans :—Once there lived a monk. In his narrow cell, one day he was kneeling in prayer to God. All of a sudden the room was filled with heavenly light. The monk saw before him Jesus. He was not as Jesus on the cross but as one comforting the blind and poor. Lost in rapture, the monk knelt down before the vision of the Lord.

Soon, the convent bell rang and hungry beggars gathered before the portals for food. The monk was the almoner and he must go out to feed the beggars. There was a great conflict in his mind Should he make the poor beggars wait or should he make the Holy Vision wait for him? His inner mind advised him to do his duty and leave the rest to God

The monk left the vision He fed the poor hungry beggars, He prayed to God thinking about their miserable condition. His inner voice reminded him that the best way of worshipping God is doing service to the poor and needy. He next hurried back to his cell. He was surprised to see the Lord standing at the place where he had left Him, in the same old posture. The Lord told the monk that he would never have stopped there if the monk stayed there without attending to his duties

(2). How did Damon and Pythias show the value of true friendship? (bit question).

Ans :—Damon agreed to take the place of Pythias in prison till he returned. Pythias went to his native place and returned just in time, His timely return saved his friend from being put

to death. Damon was also ready to face death for the sake of his beloved friend. Even when Dionysius suspected the integrity of Pythias, Damon expressed his faith in his friends word. Thus Damon and Pythias were true friends in the real sense of the word and they showed the value of sincere friendship.

(3). Use the following words in sentences of your own.

(*a*) dignity (*b*) complaint (*c*) oblige (*d*) compete (*e*) control

Ans :—(*a*) You must always try to maintain your *dignity*.

(*b*) He put up a *complaint* against his brother in the court of law.

(*c*) I am *obliged* to you for the timely help.

(*d*) He *competed* with Krishnan in running.

(*e* The whole district is under the *control* of the District Collector.

(4) State the part of speech and construction of the words underlined.

People however found it difficult to believe the news.

people—common noun, subject to the verb, found.

found—verb, agreeing with its nominative, people.

difficult—Adjective, complement to the verb, found.

to believe—Infinitive, complement to the verb, found.

news—common noun, object to the infinitive, to believe.

II BY SRI R. C. MUDALIAR B. A. L. T., SIRKALI.

(5) Briefly Describe the Experiences of the "Lost Child".

It was the festival of spring. A gaily-clad crowd sped through silver sunshine towards the Fair held outside the city gates. Amidst it, a little boy, brimming over with life and laughter, ran between his parents' legs. His boyish pranks were so much that the parents had to call him often to come by their side.

The first thihg that arrested the boy's eyes was the toy shop. He desired to have one. But the old, cold stare of the refusal of the father made him quiet. Yet his craving impulse could not be suppressed.

Marching on, they had to cross a flowering mustard-field, walking along a footpath. The child became delighted with the birds and insects and the worms that came out to enjoy sunshine. Particularly he was pleased with the catching of the butterfly and hearing the cooing of the dove. Then they took rest under the cool shade of a spreading banyan tree beside the edge of well. He saw people going to the Fair through different footpaths rather confusedly.

As he walked by the side of his parents, he chanced to pass by a sweetmeat-seller. His mouth watered at the sight of his favourite burfi. But he knew he could not owing to the stiffness of the father. He wished to have a garland of sweet scented gulmohar and any one of the multi-coloured balloons from the vendors but in vain. Not tarrying much at the jugglery feat of a snake-charmer though attracted, the child proceeded farther along with parents.

At length he was rapt in the whirling motion of the round-about. In his over powering longing for it, he made a

bold request to the parents to have his ride. But alas! the parents were missing. He became frenzied. He ran here and there searching for them but to no purpose. At last he jostled, unmindful of his being trampled, at the temple door amidst a huge crowd, crying aloud, "father, mother."

Meanwhile, a stranger took pity upon the sobbing child. He tried all means to soothe the boy, by showing all the things that the boy longed for before, such as burfi, balloon, gulmohar, and round-about. But the child could not be consoled as it was deeply overcome with agony at the separation of its dear parents.

(Moral) Nothing can cheer a child as parental affection.

(6) Narrate the Story implied in the Poem "Opportunity." (a page)

Edward Rowland Sill stresses the point that one can succeed only by making the best use of opportunities that occur now and again. He illustrates the truth of it by narrating a scene of a battle, which he has beheld or dreamed.

Once there raged a stout battle on a wide, flat, sandy plain between two armies. The soldiers were fully armoured. The swords clashed and the shields clanged. All were yelling. A cloud of dust covered the atmosphere.

The leader of one side was a prince. He fought bravely. His standard-bearer was attacked and made to stagger by the onslaughts of the enemies The prince could not keep up the struggle. So he was losing ground.

At that juncture, a coward reared. He belonged to the prince's side. Yet he missed his opportunity Instead of helping the prince, he flew from the field saying that his swodr was a blunt thing He imagined that, if he had a sword made of blue blade like that of the prince, he would work wonders. So he snapped its point, and buried it underground. Then he ran away stealthily from the field.

Presently, the sarrow-stricken, swordless and wounded prince happened to note the broken sword on the ground He took it and raised his battle-slogan. His men gathered round him. All plunged into the thick of the fight. Their tough fight and spirit brought them glorious victory.

(Moral) No opportunity should be missed in the least.

(7) Para Questions,

(a) What is the significance of the Vision's words to the Monk ?

The Monk was completely absorbed in his deep, penitent prayer. Suddenly a resplendent Vision of Jesus not as crucified but as one who lived in Galilee doing humanitarian work, appeared. Just then the time for the daily doling of food to the lowly was indicated by the church bell. The Monk was in a fix, to leave off his meditation and the Vision to perform his daily duty to brethren or to stay to enjoy the Vision of Jesus. But Jesus seemed to have told that if he continued to pray, without attending to his daily sacred duty, the Lord would have fled. Thus duty to the needy people is worship of God also.

(b) What part can women play in the freedom struggle of a country ?

Women are indeed the mothers of noble sons of a land. The children of them are the future citizens of the mother country. So they have to be brought up to face boldly the problems and trials of the country. Again it is a shame for all women to keep themselves quiet when their kindred womenfolk are without liberty. On the other hand they should have the volcanic spirit of agitation and propaganda for rescuing these in thraldom.

3. How does the poet, W. Cory, recall to his mind about Heraclitus ?

The sudden hearing of the news of the unexpected death of Heraclitus shocked the poet. He bitterly cried over it. Yet he could not but remember the virtues of the dead Heraclitus. He was remindful of their happy conversation about literary subjects, day in and day out. He wes dead and gone. But his musical voice and his glories would never be forgotton. Anyway, the poet's mourning was indeed deed and sincere.

(III) A LETTER ABOUT DISTRICT SPORTS

By Sri D. Krishnayya, Teacher, Hindupur.

9/246 Satyanarayanapeta,
HINDUPUR,
24th Nov. '52.

My Dear Mr. Muddukrishna,

In reply to my invitation to attend the District Sports here from the 11th to 19th both days inclusive and be my guest, you ask me to describe to you the games and sports which took place here during this period.

I am so very happy to do so as I love games and sports as I always remember the line, 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' and also the line, 'a sound mind in a sound body.' To be brisk and brief the games and sports were inangurated on the morning of the 11th Nov. '52 by our Commisssioner Janab Syed Hussain Sahib B. A., and the meeting was presided over by Mr. Satyanandam B. A., the Regional Director of Physical Education. The meeting was lively, trim and supremely delightful as the playground was packed with the public of the locality and the Students and teachers of nearly thirty schools in the district. After the inauguration, we opened the badminton match with the Uravakonda team and cheerfully faced a defeat by a team which came so many miles off from a

railway station. Wherefrom can we learn the noble maxim that failures are the stepping stones to success except on the play ground and by facing such a defeat as this. Such games as foot-ball, cricket, hockey and. Volley ball were played by different teams of the district including our school and I am so glad to tell you that we are the winners in the senior cricket, junior cricket, Volley ball and the runners up in foot-ball. On the 17th we had the Scout rally and the camp fire in the night together with a variety entertainment and a fancy dress show. A little boy of a village school aged about ten appeared as a high class magician and delighted us all with his wonderful tricks. Let his art live long. Let the little fellow live long to the glory of our glorious republic.

Long is the list of the winners and the runners up in the various matches and the printed list of these let me send you separately. On the 18th and the 19th we had sports of different kinds like the mile race, half a mile race, 220 yards dash, shot put, long jump, high jump, pole vault, relay race, throwing the cricket ball; kicking the foot-ball and the like for the veterans, seniors, intermediates and the juniors and our extensive play ground was full of eager spectators. The judges, the track masters and all were very brisk and busy. Needless to say that I was a track judge with a bright blue badge smiling cheerfully and silently over my left chest. Not to speak of in the games even in the sports we did quite well and carried off a number of medals.

Let me conclude as the letter is getting long and my tea is getting cold as offered by my dear mother-in-law Srimathi Chayamma who remembers you so well.

The prize distribution and the public meeting took place in the evening of the 19th Nov. '52 by 5 P. M. sharp on the playground itself. We had a neat little highly tasteful pandal for the president Janab S. Ahmed I. A. S., Collector of

our district. The prizes were given away to the winners by the Chairman of our Municipality Janab B. A. Waheed Sahib. Speeches were made on the high value of Games. Before the distinguished group, the local physical culture institution by name Prof. Hamza's institute displayed exhibition feats of skill and strength to the applause of all. I was surprised to find a student of mine bending an iron rod both with his neck and forehead. I was thrilled when a little boy of barely nine entered head long into a ring of fire. All these reminded me of high class circus feats. The Sevamandir people—a set of about thirty pupils delighted us all with their lazeem drill of different types and also brisk breezy display drill. Cheers rented the sky as the winners and the runners up carried off their prizes. With shouts of long live the tournament we closed the proceedings of the day amidst mirth, joy and pleasure. Let these sweet thoughts fiill you with joy and give you radiant health for which all these games and sports stand.

Yours Sincerely,
D. R. KITTI.

To

Ch. MUDDU KRISHNA,
S. S. L. C. Class,
Sir M. C. T. M. High School.
Purasawalkam, MADRAS.

NEWS & NOTES

Scouters' Camp at Vangal—Cauvery

60 scouts and Rovers of the Baden Powell Group of the Board High School, Chinnadharapuram headed by Sri Raman, Scout Master, Sri V. Srivasubramaniam B. Sc., Assistant Master and Sri A. S. Purnabotha Rao, Cub-master went on a day's camp & excursion to Vangal on the Cauvery bank. The party crossed the river to Mohanur on the northern bank and was given a warm reception by Sri Rangasami Gounder, Head-master, Board High School, Mohanur. In the evening Scout activities were displayed to the public at Vangal. Sri Rajaram Naidu, Vice-President, Village Panchayat hoisted the scout flag and Sri M. Marudamuthu, District Board Member addressed the Scouts and Rovers. The Camp fire was a lively one and the villagers numbering about 1000 enjoyed the function. Sri Nataraja Pillai local mirasdar presided over the camp-fire. The local gentlemen arranged for the lodging and boarding facilities to the campers.

Oldest sheep in the World

Annabella, a 23 year-old ewe in North Ireland is the oldest sheep in the world, according to the International Wool Secretariat.

Annabella has lambed 60 times and is expected to bring another into the world this year.

The I. W. S. said that "six years ago Annabella went blind but with the aid of veterinary treatment and special care of her owners, her sight was partly restored. She always feeds alone and is housed at night as old age has brought with it a certain amount of joint stiffness, besides toothless gums and a cynical outlook."

He maintains earth is flat ! his arguments

A pamphlet which sets out to prove that the earth is flat has just been published by a man in Bloemfontein, South Africa. He says he is quite certain about it. He declares that if the earth were round, the Panama Canal would be vertical over Cape Horn and that an aircraft would be compelled to nose-dive all the way to Cape Horn from Panama.

President receives child Linguist

President Prasad received probably his youngest visitor—three year old Santosh Oak on 22nd October.

His claim to this distinction was that he could understand and speak four languages; English, Sanskrit, Hindi and Marathi.

Santosh was accompanied by his father Sri P. L. Oak, a Delhi journalist, and his mother.

Santosh was admiring a globe, cigarette, ash trays and other articles in the room when his parents explained to the President how they made their child a linguist. Smt. Oak always talked to Santosh in Engiish, Sri. Oak in Sanskrit, relatives in Marathi—their mother tongue—and neighouring children in Hindi.

Sri. Oak told the President that Santosh was a normal child and there was nothing extraordinary about his linguistic achievements. He believed that any child could learn several languages provided someone would talk to him daily in a particular language and in no other.

The President asked Santosh, "What would you do if I gave you a gun." Santosh said, "I would shoot a lion."

When he left Rashtrapati Bhawan Santosh was carrying two apples and sweets presented to him by India's First Citizen.

Longest Whiskers in the World

Pritam Singh a Rajput peon employed in the Government of India Secretariat, claims to have the longest whiskers in the world.

Sporting them in an uneonventional mode—extended like a wireless aerial—their owner says his whiskers would have been longer than the present modest two yards.

But due to a "thoughtless habit" of one of his sons who playfully clipped off six inches from each side about 10 years ago, the "wonder" moustache is not its "real" size.

Even in their present clipped state, though, these whiskers are definitely "world beaters," says Sri Singh, who challenges any other to surpass it.

Wherever he has roamed—and he travelled extensively during his army service in World War II—the whisker-king has sought anybody who can match his growth, inch-for-inch.

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India's heaviest man dead

India's heaviest man, weighing 506 lbs, died at Guna, a town about 130 miles south of Gwalior, at the age of 50. after a short illness.

Twenty-five men carried his body, which was taken in a truck to the crematorium.

The deceased, Mr. Nathulal Bhargava, was a lawyer by profession and an ardent Congress worker, and a Hindi poet.

Caning of boys in School

Nine out of ten British school teachers say that caning should be kept as a punishment, says an official report which was drawn up when, in 1947, Parliament was asked to consider making it illegal. Since then, all aspects of the problem have been analysed.

Two-thousand teachers from all types of State-maintained schools and 7,000 senior boys and girls were questioned about the type of punishment which was most effective.

The results of all this research carried out by the National Association for Educational Research, are presented in a report which runs to 120,000 words.

Teachers say that if corporal punishment were abolished completetely, it would leave them defenceless against children who are deilberately disobedient or who bully other children. But they also urge that caning should be looked on only as a last resort.

"You are chiefly to blame if your children behave badly at school," the report tells parents.

Children, it was discovered, dread a bad report to their parents more than anything else. After that, they dislike being kept away from games or particularly interesting lessons.

"In our male-dominated society, their normal self-esteem is higher." explain the experts. 'They get more attention at home, and their sisters, being used to more than a fair share of jocular ridicule at home, are less disturbed by it at school."

The children say that **a good report to take home is their favourite award.** Prizes or appointment to a prefectorial post mean little to them.